1:Herskovits & Herskovits E-5 (1928-1929) 1934
SR8 Bush Negroes SR8
Saramacca

361 "This is the entrance to the farm of a Gankwe family. And there, can you see? That's a broken village. Many people died there. The others left it. This happened when Bayo was small."

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805 "How many hours, Bakra?" Bayo asked. He could tell time by the sun and guessed almost exactly. "They are stopping on the rocks there. It's time to eat."

264 The Bush Negro usually has two meals a day, one in the early forenoon and another at night after dark when work is over. He eats little. These men were on the river with us ten or eleven hours a day, poling upstream, loading and unloading the boats where the rapids were so high that it was impossible to take the heavily loaded boats across them, and what we saw them eat was some cassava bread [265] dipped in river water to soften it, and some cold rice with a little palm oil in it. They had no time to fish, and it was a bad year for fishing, too. Of game there was little. [224] A few toucans and a monkey were all they could get along the shore—game was scarce even in the deep bush. For more than a score of decades their ancestors had been shooting game along the river, and now the animals kept away.

In the other boats Asikanu was the first served.

"Look, here is your food."

The front paddler put a calabash filled with rice and some cassava bread on the water, and the stream carried it to Asikanu.

"Did you catch it?"

"Ai."

484 261 In Sedefo's boat the cassava cakes were green with mold. One by one these disks of a finger's breadth in thickness and perhaps thirty inches in diameter were laid on the hot rocks to dry. On a trip such as this, enough must be taken to feed a man during his entire absence from home. Well in advance a man's wife, or his mother or sister, or a maternal aunt will be told of such a trip so that she may

1: Herskovits & Herskovits E-3 (1928-1929) 1934
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have the necessary time to prepare the cassava. A man cannot count on finding food to buy. Food is often scarce and, especially when crops have not been good—a state of affairs these Bush Negroes know only too well—each household has need of all the food it has grown.

Asikanu, whose cassava bread was fresh, bathed in the river and changed his dripping loin cloth, spreading out the one he had removed so that it might dry. Bayo washed his second best cloth, for the sun was strong, and it was well to get it fresh and uncreased. So the men busied themselves getting their supplies in order for the journey which was not yet taxing, but would grow more difficult during the next few days, with heavy rapids, great distances between villages, and more exertion needed to strike a village before dark overtook them.

Even so it was time to be off, Sedefo decided, replacing the cassava cakes—which in a few moments had lost their mold—for the next rapids were something to be reckoned with. Again the four dugouts were on their way, and it was a brave sight to see the four pole-men swinging their long sticks with measured regularity, and the upward leaping three steps, and the down-running steps, and the seated paddlers dipping their carved blades into the water with a slight twist at the end of each stroke to counteract the effect of the push of the man at the bow, to keep the canoe headed straight into the current.

Ahead, in the leading canoe, the man at the bow waved his hand to us, indicating directions to our men. We could see him put the whole length of his pole in the water three times, then lay it along the gunwale of his dugout and, taking up his paddle, begin to stroke in time with the man at the stern of his boat.

"*Mfundu*," said Bayo to Bibifo. "Deep."

As we approached the deep water, Bayo with a fillip of his paddle sent our dugout heading into the stream, to be caught up by the current at the center and taken down and across by the impact of the water against the boat. The boats in front had done the same, had cut across to the